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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

FICTION.

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION CONTAINING ONLY STORIES.

Published Every Monday.

No. 15 brings "Jeanne" to an end, and the close of one of the most fascinating and original stories of the day will be perused with regretful interest by many readers, who may, however, find consolation in "Bent, Not Broken," a story of college life in Princeton. This new serial is written in a pleasingly realistic tone, and is said to contain strongly dramatic passages. The other contents of the number are the second part of Mr. Julian Magnus's "Just In Time," the powerful character sketch whose first installment last week excited so much interest; "Out of Death's Jaws," which is the first part of a new novelette of marvelous vigor and originality; "A Logical Attachment," a sketch written in a vein of quiet and delightful humor, and "Sea-Dreams," a pretty love-story of error and perplexity.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

ACCORDING to government statistics, five thousand patriots, more or less, laid down their lives or various detachable parts of their anatomies, in the war of 1812. From the same source we learn that 26,000—or about 26,000—legal representatives of these patriots are now drawing pensions from the United States treasury. Now, as there is but one pension to a patriot, these figures have a paradoxical look, at first glance. But when we examine the matter closely, we find a simple explanation. There is but one pension to a patriot; but a man—even a patriot—and his wife are one. There is therefore one pension to each patriot's wife. Now, if a patriot has five or six wives, and each one is merely a cipher prefixed to the masculine unit, it follows that the multiplicity of wives in no wise affects the one-ness of the combination. Hence, a patriot and his wives being one, and there being one pension to every patriot, there is certainly one pension to every wife of any patriot.

This logic is guaranteed. We have had it revised by an insanity expert. But we do not propose to stop here. Let us go on and finish this copper-fastened syllogism. If there are five wives drawing pensions to every dead patriot, it is certain that every such deceased hero was in his lifetime a gentleman of Mormon tendencies and great matrimonial enterprise. Of course all the pensioners are not widows; some are orphans; but we spurn with scorn the idea that any American female orphan, however helpless or trampled, has reached the age of sixty-odd without either getting married or going on the platform and making an independent fortune as a woman's-rights lecturer. We are forced to believe that there is something behind this phenomenon, and if we are called upon to decide whether the cause of this thushness is the polygamous ideas of our ancestors or the infamous dishonesty of contemporary "pension sharps," we shall give the bygone generation a boost toward honored immortality, and demand an immediate investigation of the affairs of the Pension Office.

There is, we believe, a party in this country called the Democratic party. At one time it had all the power in its hands. Of late years, however, it has had to content itself with being in opposition, and it is more than likely that it will remain so for the remainder of the century at least. At first sight it may seem odd that a powerful party, numerically as strong as its rival, should be so long kept out of the high places and the direction of national affairs; but a very slight examination of its organization explains the matter clearly.

It is an army without a general, a nation without an executive, a party without a leader. It has no unity of action, no cohesion, no pride in itself, no great aims—in short, nothing that it thinks worth while to achieve by singleness of purpose. True, there have been men of ability who have sought to lead the Democracy, but complete success has never crowned their efforts. The man has yet to arise who can reconcile all the discordant elements and form the party in a solid phalanx, to wrest the power from the Republicans. The job can never be an easy one. When in this State the Democrats are no longer split into a dozen factions; when there are no John Kellies, no Tammany Halls, no Irving Halls, no Samuel J. Tildens, all fighting and working against each other; in short, when the millennium comes, then, and not until then, may we see Democracy on an equality with her Republican sister, and not groping blindly in the dark for want of proper treatment and management.

Let the Democrats show their statesmanship, if they have any, by declaring for free trade; for one of the most ridiculous exhibitions that ever took place in the Cooper Union since the good old Peter Cooper founded the institution, was the so-called Tariff Convention. There was more nonsense talked there, in a shorter space of time, than Judge Black could get off if he were to devote the remainder of his existence to writing polemical articles in the *North American Review*. The display of selfishness, shortsightedness and ignorance was truly lamentable. A few self-appointed representatives of certain manufactures meet and pass resolutions to the effect that the people of the United States must continue to protect them in their business, without reference to the requirements of the remainder of the inhabitants. Why should the manufacturing capitalist in Pennsylvania or Connecticut receive any more protection than the Illinois farmer, the Ohio hog raiser, or the Alabama cotton grower? But says the Eastern bolstered-up manufacturer: "Protection helps me to give employment to a large number of artisans, and the country prospers in consequence."

This is specious reasoning, but it is far from being true. If the tariff were abolished tomorrow, and all the world could send its iron manufactures here free of duty, not a single American artisan would be in any worse position. In certain kinds of goods, American skill and intelligence have rendered it impossible for the world to compete with us. As it is, in every part of the globe are found American-edged mining tools and machinery used in preference to all others. In other manufactures—textile fabrics, for instance—free trade would doubtless cause the protected interests to suffer for a time; but then no one short of a lunatic would advocate the sudden sweeping away of all duties on foreign importations. The process must be a gradual one, and the country demands that it begin at once. Protection is wrong in principle, it is vicious in its effects, and, in our present condition, utterly unnecessary, because it does nothing now but benefit a few rich men

at the expense of a great many poor ones, who become poorer because of protection.

Our industries are no longer in their infancy. Many of them have reached their highest development, and no more need protection than does a giant require pigmies to guard him from injury. Protection has killed our shipping, stunted the growth of our commerce, and left what trade we have on an extremely precarious footing. There is nothing to prevent any nation on whose manufactures we have placed prohibitory duties, from retaliating by absolutely refusing to receive any of our products. A pretty position we should be in if Great Britain, France, Germany and all other nations were to levy enormous duties on our petroleum, grain, timber and other exports. And yet they would be perfectly justified in doing so, for there is no reason why the protection should be all on one side without any reciprocity. We boast of being at peace with all the world; we are, commercially, actually at war with all the world, and it is the most costly and unjust war ever waged.

Our old friend Jenkins is to the front again. We had a faint hope that he was twanging a little harp in some cloudy region where his pious enthusiasm would be better appreciated than in this cold and unsympathetic world. But he has come to the fore. Jenkins is Secretary, or something of the sort, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and General Self-Advertisement Association. He comes before the public at present not to tell us how children are over-worked in the foul air of public-school rooms, or how they are beaten in tenement houses, or set to unlawful drudgery in a hundred factories. What is troubling Jenkins is that a healthy, happy, well-cared-for little girl has been advertised to play, or make a childish pretence of playing, at matinee performances at a respectable theatre in this city. Jenkins has not that tact and keen intelligence which make a man popular with sensible citizens; but Jenkins knows well enough that if he seizes a child on the stage, the child's managers will not shrink from advertising the sleepless energy of the S. P. C. C.

The "Little Corinne" case is, so far as the papers have reported it, one of the most signal instances of over-zealous excess of duty and propriety on the part of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children that we have yet seen. We have already expressed our opinion of these star-chamber and special-charter societies. They do more harm than good; their very existence is contrary to the spirit of our institutions. This case is, among others, a particularly unpleasant specimen of their ways and works. This society has taken a child from its legal guardians on a pretext justified in law; but not in common sense or decency. The child's performances and the child's treatment have been passed on by the sister society of the city where the child's owners have a legal residence. There is no claim made that the child is the victim of any cruelty. There appears to be no reason to believe that it is in any way subjected to immoral influences. If the performances were wrong, *per se*; it was merely the Society's duty to see that a license was refused. But that was all its duty. Instead of contenting itself with that, the Society has pressed a prosecution of the child's protector so savage that the poor woman has been frightened into placing herself in a false position before the law and the people. But the law and the people generally see things pretty clearly in the end, and the day when they see clearly what the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is doing will be a cold day for the Society, its Jenkins, its counsel, and its other judicial appurtenances.

THE NATIONAL TARIFF CONVENTION.

The unanimity of the manufacturers who met last week at the Cooper Union was truly wonderful. They all seemed to agree that nothing should be imported, and that everything ought to be manufactured here, whether we had or had not the raw material. Such little interests as those of shipping, the importation of foreign goods, agriculture, etc., were not of the slightest consequence. The independence and prosperity of the United States were bound up in protecting the gentlemen who have seen fit to embark in extensive manufacturing enterprises in a few States in the Union. If this were not done, ruin would ensue, and the whole American population would be forced to betake itself to more favored countries, which it would be humbly obliged to do in ships flying foreign flags. The prospect is a sad one, and PUCK, having the welfare of his beloved country at heart, comes at once to the rescue. We do want reform in our tariff, and if President Arthur and Secretary Blaine will but listen to us, we will undertake to increase the revenue largely. There are many commodities, at present admitted free, on which duties almost prohibitory ought to be placed. The amount yielded would be surprising, and, in some instances, it would be found that the heavier the duty the greater the addition to the revenue. In other cases, the proposed additions would have the effect of keeping out what we really can dispense with, and affording genuine protection to the American people.

With the assistance of Dr. Peter Cooper, and with the understanding that there should be no interference with glue, the following list of proposed new duties was drawn up:

FRENCH SEVENTH COMMANDMENT PLAYS	..\$10,000 an act, and 1 cent per lb.
IRISH LAND LEAGUERS\$500.00 an ounce, and 95 per cent ad valorem.
ENGLISH FARCESprohibited
BOGUS BRITISH LORDS50 per cent and a dollar a ton.
GENUINE BRITISH LORDS85 per cent and fifty cents a ton.
FOREIGN LECTURERS85 per cent and fifty cents a ton.
'ELMET 'ATS\$1.50 per gross, and 75 per cent.
ORGAN GRINDERS99 1/4 per cent, and \$1,000,000 per pound.
DESCENDANTS-OF-NOBLE-FAMILIES-WITH-VALUABLE-PAPERS-TO-SELLprohibited
TONSorial COUNTSfree
ENGLISH FOXES\$25,000 each.
ANISESEED BAGSfree
ENGLISH SPRING AND AUTUMN POEMS44 cents per square yard, and 35 per cent.
ENGLISHMEN'S AITCHES	—In use abroad, and not to be dropped...free
NON-ROWDIES OF ALL NATIONALITIESfree
CHECKED GAITERS90 per cent and \$1,000 per pennyweight.
POINTED-TOE BOOTS90 per cent and \$1,000 per pennyweight.
ITALIAN ACTORS\$12.00 per proof gallon.
ENGLISH HUMOR85 per cent per square inch, ten dollars a line, and a hundred dollars a ton.
TEUTONIC BARONS25 cts. per ton measurement.
FOUR-IN-HAND COACHES5 cents a coach.
No prohibitory duty necessary on these, as they are no longer imported.	
WAGNERIAN MUSIC OF THE FUTURE\$10,000.00 a bar.
ENGLISH BURLESQUE ACTRESSES\$10,000.00 a ton.
LIMBURGER CHEESE50 cts. per sniff.
SOCIALISTS AND NIHILISTS1 cent a head.

GARLIC\$100,000 an ounce.
REAL ESTATEwhen imported on the persons of Latin race, fifty dollars an acre.
ENGLISH LADIES' FASHIONS	—Sliding scale according to date. Those earlier than the present century prohibited.
KATE GREENAWAY CHRISTMAS CARDS25 cts. per billion.
GAMEY PHEASANTSprohibited
OLD MASTERS1 cent a pound.
CANDIDATES FOR ALDERMANIC HONORSfree on undertaking to commit suicide after a residence here of one week.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCI.

PATTI.



Ya-as, hearwing Patti, the othah night, called up weminiscences of some of my wanderings throughout Eurwope, when I used to listen to her aw quite fwequently. Not that I am desperately fond of music, but I flattah myself I do know when it is agreeable.

I aw know Patti. I wemembah that she was intwroduced to me in aw Parwis when I was at a ball at the Tuilerwies, in the days of the empire. I mean when Louis Napoleon and Eugénie, Empwess of the Fwench, weigned ovah Fwance, and there was a gweat deal of glittah and merwetwicious foolerwy.

Patti then became Marchioness de Caux, and I was induced to be pwesent at the marwiage. I wemembah the fellah. He was a poverty-swicken woué and no longah young. The matwimonial alliance was of course made only because Patti wanted to be admitted into arwistocratic circles, and the marquis was desirwous of incweasing his extwemely limited income.

Hang it, ye know, it isn't a wespectable thing faw a fellah to live on his wife's earnings; but it is simply beastly when he seems pwoud of doing so.

Howevah, the Marquis de Caux is no longah able to wely on this income, because Patti pweferred to weside with a singah fellah, named Nicolini, and the marquis was left without his pwize *pavima donna*.

Whenevah a man marwies one of these celebawted pwofessional cweachahs, her leaving him to woam about whenevah and wherevah she is desirwous of wanderwing, is always on the cards; but still, ye know, no fellah can sympathize with the marquis. I don't,

Now, Patti is giving concerts with Nicolini. She expected there would have been a twemendous wush to he-ah her; and perwhaps there might have been, if widiculous pwices had not been charged faw seats. Consequently nobody at all attended, except a few ordinarwy people who cwowded the gallerwies at lowah wates of admission.

Now she is being bettah managed and advertised by a manager regwularly in the business, and is consequently dwawing audiences.

I was wathah astonished, howevah, to find it weported that a numbah of Bwooklyn caddish idiots took the horses out of Patti's carwriage and dwagged her to the hotel. I can scarcely believe it to be twue. Such things, I know, have been done in formah ye-ahs; but I weally gave the pwesent *generwation* of Amerwicans cwedit faw the possession of bettah sense, aw.

Puckings.

VERY NATURAL RESULT.—A New Jersey watch company has been wound up.

THE INVENTOR of legal tenders is dead—
"Greenback lie the turf above thee,
Friend of our bitter days."

VANDERBILT MAY PLANT and Jay Gould may water the railway stocks of the country, but it is the credulous ass of a purchaser who giveth the increase.

IT IS SUGGESTED that the name of Washington (the city, not the Father of his country) be changed to Charity, because it "covereth a multitude of sins."

ONE KERSEY testified that Lieutenant Flipper was a perfect gentleman. It is strange, but nearly all those who have difficulties with their finances are the perfection of piety and gentility.

IN THESE UNCERTAIN days, "contemplated European tours" have a suspicious and not altogether reassuring sound, particularly when applied to over-taxed and wearied-out bank officials.

THE *Financial and Mining News* says the mosquito district is still booming. We always thought there was a future for New Jersey. This paper also publishes a revised list of eminent bank defaulters.

It is like running human ambition into the ground when a man comes to be buried.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

And when a man's ambition is buried, it is high time to run him into the ground.

THE NAVAL Advisory Board recommends thirty-eight unarmored cruisers, besides a quantity of rams, torpedo gunboats, and torpedo boats. The Naval Advisory Board would do better by constructing diving-bells, eel-pots and spoon-hooks to fish for the late navy.

THE RECENT extraordinary accession of members to base-ball clubs, together with the revival of interest in dog-fighting, is attributable to large numbers of presidents and cashiers of banks having resigned their official positions in churches and Sunday-schools to avoid suspicion of being defaulters.

IN THE language of the lamented Theodore Tilton—"Let the porker squeal!" The Gambetta Cabinet has resolved to remove the hitherto existing ban placed upon the importation of American hogs by the former French Government. Quadrupeds as well as bipeds can now enter without let or hindrance.

COMMANDER CHEYNE's project for discovering the North Pole by means of balloons, is novel, but somewhat airy—not to say gassy, withal. But there can be no doubt regarding the hard pan of his proposition, so far as the \$80,000 subscription part of it goes. We don't care if he gets it; (and why not, after the Irish Relief Fund?) but we doubt if he does.

IN BROOKLYN, they took the horses from Adelina Patti's carriage and drew the fair singer to the hotel, and [Note from the Editor to the foreman: Give this paragraph to a compositor who is not a married man, and has no father or mother to care for.] in Podmolocnyika, Austria, they stoned Sarah Bernhardt's carriage. The time of diamond robberies and railroad accidents of actresses is over forever, it seems.

SHIPMATE—AHOY!

A pink dodger, numerous displayed at the city news-stands, bears the following unique, if not over-modest, device:

THE EVENING POST.
ABLE—ACTIVE—ALERT!
ETC.,—ETC.,—ETC.

[MEM.—The above advertisement is purely complimentary, and no money will be received in payment therefor, *unless* the *E. P.* so far surpasses itself as to send us a check for \$76.50; in which rather improbable event, the sum in question will be turned over to the Michigan Relief Fund, and entered to our own credit: for PUCK, too, like some of its contemporaries, can be generous as well as jocular—at the expense of others.]

In order to demonstrate conjointly how "able, active and alert" our Esteemed and Venerable Contemporary really is, we reproduce the following editorial utterance, *in re* Guiteau, from a recent more-than-ordinarily-interesting issue:

"A few years ago, when Fisk and Gould were both still alive, a jury of twelve honest men determined that lying in wait for and killing Fisk in cold blood was no murder."

Which is why we rise to inquire, firstly, by what species of logic this "able, active and alert" journal arrives at its conclusion that "a jury of twelve honest men determined that the lying in wait for and killing of Fisk was no murder," when, according to its own previous admission, Fisk was still alive? We grope somewhat blindly through the intricacies of this proposition. Are we to understand that it is customary, or even possible, for a jury to "determine" anything at all concerning murder when no murder has been committed, as certainly none could have been in the case above cited, if the alleged victim had not, as the vulgarians put it, "passed in his checks," which operation the *Post* inferentially denies? And, secondly, as regards Mr. Gould—whom our octogenarian contemporary incontinently consigns to the pale realms of shade in the phrase, "still alive a few years ago"—we are obliged to confess our own ignorance as to the date of this frisky gentleman's demise. If J. G. is dead—really, truly, genuinely dead, and not playing possum—we know of an individual, now languishing in the Tombs, who will be mighty glad to be informed of it. The entire affair, we are sorry to say, is much muddled as it stands; but if ability, activity and alertness can reduce order out of grammatical chaos, we trust that heaven's first law may not remain unrectified at the hands of the *Evening Post*.

JAPANNED JOURNALISM.

PUCK has the pleasure, as well as honor, of adding to its list of foreign exchanges the *Nishin Shingishi*, said to be the first newspaper ever printed in the native language of Japan. It is an attractive-looking sheet, of average dimensions (in typographical character coincidentally and curiously resembling the autograph of ex-United States Treasurer F. E. Spinner), and is adapted to any style of reading, horizontal, perpendicular, oblique, sidewise or upside-downwise—in fact, it doesn't seem to make the slightest difference how you tackle it. So far as our own experience goes, it is quite as intelligible one way as another. The journalistic methods employed by the *Shingishi* (Shing-*is*-hi—as high as \$2.50 per annum, American money,) are apparently shrewd, subtle and peculiar, like the people of which it is the organ—at least, we suppose so, and are content to judge from appearances rather than be forced to look for proof. We regret exceedingly our inability to reproduce in all their original force

WHAT WE DRINK.



'ROUND ABOUT THE CAULDRON GO,
IN THE BASE INGREDIENTS THROW—ETC.

and beauty the editorial opinions ("Shingishierings," *i. e.*, "Puckerings," we presume,) of our most highly esteemed and intensely interesting cotemporary; but the fact is, our font of Japanese has run out, and we have been forced to send over Hogadaddy for a fresh supply. In due course of time, however, we hope to lay before our readers some specimens of Occidental journalism of a rich, rare, racy and remarkable character. Let them rest their souls in patience, meantime.

OUR CHINESE friends on the other side of the globe will, no doubt, howl with delight when they hear that Frelinghuysen is to be appointed Secretary of State. These simple Celestials may easily be made to believe that Old Frelinghuysen is the father of their own and dearly beloved Young Hyson, and that the land of Washee-Washee has thereby actually become an integral part of the Flowery Kingdom.

A PRIEST, while incensing with myrrh,
By chance dropped a spark on some fyrrh;
And the smell that arose
Made him stop up his nose,
But beyond that he did not demyrrh.

Another, using frank-incense and myrrh too
(A combination possessing much vyrrh-too),
Dropped some on the clothes
Of a girl, who arothes
And made him incensed with hyrrh too.

A third, while out walking at Cirencester,
Had his back beaten up to a blirencester,
For meeting a girl,
Whose hair being in curl,
He thought was his cousin—and kirencester.

NEW PAPAL ASSUMPTION.

We wonder if the Italian Government is aware of the fact that Pope Leo XIII is playing himself off as one of its appointees? At all events, he has just forwarded to New York a document bearing the following superscription:

Hoc missali usus est.

LEO XIII., P. M.

SOCIETY ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,

NEW YORK,

U. S. A.

Whether the "missal" sent was taken out of "hock" or not, of course we cannot say. Indeed, we do not care. But what we most desire to get at is, by what and whose authority Leo XIII. writes himself as "Post Master" of Rome? This country has already manifested its international comity toward Italy by sending over, at considerable expense (and more disgrace), a New Orleans fruit-merchant (of the side-walk order), to answer for the crimes suspected of one Esposito, bandit-at-large, near the Court of Palermo, if Palermo has a court, which we presume it has. There is no occasion for expense in the case of Leo XIII., for he is in Italy already—or was, at last accounts. But we, as a government, nevertheless consider it our duty to notify King Humbert of the doings of Pope Leo XIII. in these parts. And if Mr. Secretary of State Blaine can be of any further service in this, as he has been in another matter, he will demonstrate his willingness, as well as ability, at a moment's notice. And don't you forget it.

CURRENT COMMENTS.

DOWN ON PRESIDENT ARTHUR—The Memphis *Avalanche*.

IMPERTINENT TIME-PIECE—"The Old Clock on the Stare."

JOHN CHINAMAN'S FAVORITE MELODY—"Song of the Shirt."

WINTER is Nature's Midas. Whatever it touches turns to cold.

LEGAL SHAKSPERIANISM—"Tis true 'tis Chitty and Chitty 'tis 'tis true.

'Twas but a little shaded Flower; yet he now writes himself an Honorable M. C.

INDIGENOUS TO THE SOIL—The washerwoman. (The Heathen Chinese barred.)

TEXT FOR NEWARK BANK OFFICIALS—"Some shall be taken and the others left"—badly.

"BRICK" POMEROY is now broke Pomeroy, and may hereafter be set down as a broken Brick.

THE CHICAGO girls are not great wine-drinkers, but they are said to have a weakness for Château Lafitte.

ARTIST VEDDER has at last essayed the "greatest effort of his life," namely: a cover for the *Century*.

AN APPLICATION of the gag to Guiteau may be all very well for him; but it is rough, mighty rough, on the gag.

WELLERIAN ADVICE TO AMATEUR ARTISTS (in the *Christmas Card Competitive Line*)—"Beware of the Vedders."

IF GUITEAU should happen to be acquitted, what a magnificent editor he would make—for the *North American Review*!

DOUBTFUL PROMOTION—That of Mlle. Schneider from the Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein to Marquise de Bionne.

"NOTHING fails like failure."—*Pious Exchange*. Wrong there, brother. Nothing fails like a Newark bank; nor so often, either.

IT is obvious that winter is at hand by the young man wrapping his fresh collar around the stove-pipe to thaw out the Arctic sting previous to putting it on.

TWO OF A (DIFFERENT) KIND.—The late Mr. Carlyle described himself "as a maker of books." It is charitably presumed that the Sage of Chelsea was unfamiliar with the vernacular of the turf.

"WHO WOULD be a mermaid fair?" is a query propounded by Mr. Alfred Tennyson. We don't know. But if there be any such, they may hear of something to their advantage by applying at Bunnell's Museum.—*Adv.*

WELL DUNN, JOHN.—John Dunn has notified the British Government that he is a candidate for the "throne" of Zululand, vice Cetewayo, mustered out. John is a canny Scot, who evidently thinks himself a bigger man than old Argyle.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Very little, perhaps; but the most grandly gorgeous warlike name we know of, after General Boum, is General

CONVENIENT GARMENTS FOR MONOPOLISTS.



HOW THEY COVER UP THEIR CROOKEDNESS.

Wham, U. S. A.—unless, indeed, we make a possible exception in favor of General E. Burd Grubb, of New Jersey.

A WRITER in the *Figaro* remarks that the French workman will jump into the water to save your child. French children ought to be encouraged to fall into the water, as French workmen would then be afforded an opportunity of making acquaintance with the element for purposes of ablation.

NARROWER THAN PENT-UP UTICA.—A magazine poet commences:

"I think, as I sit at my ease on the shingle—"

Upon which we have only to remark that any adult poet who can comfortably "sit at his ease on a shingle" is one of the accommodating sort, well calculated to occupy his sphere in life, narrow though it be.

LONDON ÆSTHETICISM—SPECIMEN.

A Wilde Æsthete of the feminine gender, a regular communicant, doubtless, at the innermost shrine of the London Order, thus writes of Henry Irving, the actor: "Mr. Irving's legs are limpid and utter. Both are delicately intellectual; but his right leg is a poem." Oh, if this Lily of the Valley, this Rose of Sharon, this Sunflower of the Carolinas had only been permitted to look upon our own and only Forrest, in the days of his later triumphs, what might she not have written? Imagination falteringly suggests something like the following: "Mr. Forrest's legs are utter to the uttermost ends of the world. Both are groggy, but his hind-leg is an elephantine tragedy in five acts!"

"ADDITION, DIVISION AND SILENCE."

Bill (of Attainder) Kemble, of Philadelphia, Loquitur:

Lost Addition is perdition,
"Division" 's quite as bad;
While "Silence"—see?—betrayeth me,
And, exposed, am I mad?*

*You may just bet your bottom dollar on it!

BEGUM.

WISHING WAXED WILD.

I'd like to smile from out a tea-store chromo,
In pink and golden girlhood iridescent;
I'd like to own a shoe-store in Kokomo,
And have the run for "eighteens" most incessant;
I'd like the moon a trifle more virescent,
And no mo'.

I'd like to be a shiny little cisco
Within a grocer's quintal salt-encrusted;
I'd like a villa urban out in 'Frisco,
Or trays of taffy richly, brownly rusted—
I think a person who could well get trusted
Could this go.

I choose to be a paint-bedizened muller,
So genius be the hand that puts the pressure;
I'd like to be a dainty twisted cruller,
Or take a poet's kindly "Heaven bless yer!"
I'd like to be than bread unleavened no fresher,
Nor duller.

P. S.—Since eggs are thirty cents a dozen,
And butter higher than the boozy Bachus,
I wish I had a cheerful country cousin;
I'd gather friends from here to far Caracus,
To eat his utter ruin ere he sack us
With buzzin'. EDWARD WICK.

CONSIDERING THE LILY.

"Who is this, mother?"

"Guiteau, my child—the renowned remover of the late President. Look at him, contemplate him, study him. He never smoked, snuffed, drank rum, played cards, kept bad company, nor any of those wicked things you read about in the Sunday-school books; was a church-going, conference-attending, psalm-singing, prayer-shouting—in short,

A Y. M. C. A. young man,
A heathen-over-the-way young man.

And mark the distinction he now so much enjoys. If you but follow his example, you may, some day—who knows?—also shoot a President or an Alderman, or perform some other distinguished action that will make you as much noticed and talked about as he. What he has done can be done again."

While observing the Foot Guards manœuvre
On the Champs Elysées, near the Lœuvre,
It occurred to me,
That in all I could see
The commander-in-chief was prime mœuvre.

NEED FOR CAUTION.



TRAMP (to friend): "LOOK OUT FUR YER LOOSE CHANGE, JIM—HERE COMES A BANK CASHIER!"

A WINTER MEDLEY.

Autumn, in its highly-colored robes, that made it look as dreamy and wistful as a circus procession, has passed away like the murmur of a lute, at 8:30 P. M., on a rose-scented summer night.

And now Winter begins to blow its shrill whistle around the corners of the house; and it is a sweet anthem to listen to as you lie in bed with your feet on a hot brick and about half an inch of your nose sticking from under the covers.

And from the city house-top,
Where hang the lines of flannel,
Where blossomed in the summer
The pansy and geranium,
Will flop the airy snow-slide,
The wildly clumsy snow-slide,
And catch the merry passer
Upon his pericranium.

The woodland brook doesn't purl any, now. It can't—it's frozen. And so is the water in your pitcher; and, when you arise in the frosty morn and go for it with the brush-handle, in order that you may wash yourself, you wish that you were in a vale of moonlight and tropic perfume, especially if your floor is covered with oilcloth, and you happen to connect with it before you get to your boots.

The boy whose father owns a large place is pretty sick and generally broken-up because the path in front of said place is pretty long. He would not care about its length, however, if he didn't have to remove the snow from it with a fire-place shovel and a broom with the straws worn off to that portion where the wire goes around the foundation of the spine.

And the airy fairy maiden
Sits beside the parlor window
Knitting wristlets, making tidies,
And all sorts of funny trinkets.

Very soon the spoony fellow
Will propel the gushing damsel
Down the roadway, in the country,
To the church-fair, slow and tiresome.

And when, for these very trinkets,
He lays down some seven dollars,
He will jump and prance, and whisper
What to print would be improper.

Soon will the hills be robed in snow, and merry parties of boys and girls will go coasting

in the moonlight, and while the girls sigh for coffee and oysters, the boys will yearn for a glass of hot lemonade with a positive stick in it.

And when skating arrives, the small boy will play hookey, and his father will capture him, and light on him with a fence rail, and twist him up like an interrogation point, and tell him how to grow up and be like the late Benjamin Franklin, Esq.

In a few weeks more, the great pedaled farmer will cease to whack the refractory bull with a hoe handle, and go to the village school, and fall in love with the teacher, and fill her sympathetic soul with brightest visions and a tender honied yearning. And the provincial humorist will enter the ring with all the stock jokes on church fairs, clergymen's slippers, coal bills on account of lovers, gas metres, plumbers, snow-balls, beautiful snow, and other subjects which, in all regularly-consecrated offices, are deemed threadbare and unconstitutional.

And the boy will don his habit,
For to hunt the skipful rabbit,
With a gun—
Lots of fun.
And he'll try to catch the muskrat,
That alarmful, cunning, brusque rat
Happy chap,
In a trap.

The poet will have his drab ulster dyed black, and a new buckle and a set of buttons rigged on it; and he will start out with a bold air, that will lead no one to suspect that he is not the possessor of a new garment, or that he has also resorted to the subterfuge of having his white plug-hat—redolent of Newport memories—put through a similar course.

And the old road, where the lovers used to wander in the moonlight on balmy summer nights, will be covered with slush that will walk through the best leather extant, and fix you with such an opulence of chilblains that you won't know whether to fill your boots with steel filings, or wear a pair of sand-paper socks.

And Jane will knit a wool-dog,
A little bead-eyed bulldog—
A trinket for her lover—with a feeling riper, riper
Than a peach when August's piling
Up her sweets. He'll take it smiling,
And say that for his pen 'twill make a splendid
wiper, wiper,
The viper!

And out on the lonely tarn, where the lilies used to idly dip in the purple twilight, great rude men, in blue shirts and cowhide-boots, will saw ice, and flavor their language—at best commonplace—with profanity and slang.

And the political heeler will wist not why it is thusly, as he sits around the beer saloon stove, with nothing on his feet but a pair of overshoes, and counts the months which must elapse before the arrival of the next campaign.

And out in the country the young folks will go on a straw-ride, and the straws won't show which way the wind blows so much as the occasional sigh which dispels the chastened quietude of the whole affair more than a wheel flopping into a deep rut eight times a minute.

And the small boy, who is as good as he is small, will cunningly dodge the cold boards and say his prayers in bed.

And the average wife will be good-natured, and say all sorts of nice complimentary things to her husband, and get him into such a happy frame of mind that he will imagine himself a controlling stock-holder in Paradise; and when he is in this peculiar condition, she will, most cutely and birdfully, call his attention to the fact that the blissful tenor of her existence would not be in the least marred or ruffled by the presentation of a three-hundred dollar seal-skin dolman. And then that man will float around and advise all his young friends not to get married, and vow that he had no idea that it was such a vortex of demands and solicitations until it was, alas! too late.

And the buckwheat-cake will act on the poetic temperament of every small boy in the land, and he will be smeared with molasses from his chin to the back of his head, and make the average artist dream of varnishing day.

And the trap will be set by the stone wall, so that it will fly off the ground at a moment's notice, and grab Mr. Fox by the dexter paw, ere he secures the petulant shanghai, and hold him even as the bank president holds anything he can get his hands on; and the fox will sit in the clear air and try to chew his foot off, and if he doesn't succeed, he will be boomeranged into eternity, as soon as the farmer arrives in the morning, with a club.

Church-fair fodder should be mentioned here, of course; but there is nothing special to say of it—like virtue and the circus joke, it is always the same.

And we'll see no glow of summer
In the daisy-dappled vale;
At the door the local bumper
Will emit his little tale.

And we'll play not at lawn tennis
In the aromatic grove,
While the coal is lugged by Dennis
For the cozy parlor stove.

And we'll hear no robin blowing
Off the merriest of toots,
While the leaden slush is flowing
Through the fissures in our boots.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

TO GROW—GREETING.

The reputation of Mr. Galusha Grow, of Pennsylvania, must be growing small by degrees and beautifully less, if, as reported, he has sold himself out to the Clan Cameron, under any circumstances and upon any condition. The ancient unworthy who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage drove a much better bargain. And he got the pottage, too, by the way—actually got what he contracted for, without cheating in measure—and yet was not supremely happy over the transaction. It might be well for friend Galusha (if he will pardon the familiarity) to remember this fact, and, if still disposed to carry out the alleged negotiation, to keep a windward eye peeled and very wide open as regards the *quid pro quo*.

A PLAINTIVE PROTEST.

To the Editor of Puck—Dear Sir:

I do not wish to appear in the light of a red-handed radical; but I think there is too much red tape about this business of getting and using gas in this city.

I have been a consumer of gas for many years, and I have never grumbled at paying for several millions of feet of gas which I never burned, nor at having my gas turned off whenever my next-door neighbor didn't see fit to settle his little account.

But there is one part of the system to which I can not get accustomed; and that is the method of making application for a metre. Now, if a metre is a thing to be applied for, I am willing to apply for it; but I don't wish to have to make as much fuss about it as if I were trying to get a permit to blow up the Emperor of Russia. I am a modest man, and I do not like to make myself too conspicuous.

I went, the other day, to apply for the serene, sublime and double-barreled royal privilege of burning the gas of the New Amsterdam Gas Company.

The New Amsterdam Gas Company occupies a palatial office over on Washington Place. I went in meekly and gently, and wandered about looking for the man whose business it was to receive my application. The whole place was divided up into little pens, and in each pen was a man and about half-a-ton of books. All the men looked stern and haughty, and it was some time before I dared to address one of them. Finally, I selected the mildest-looking, and went up to him and inquired:

"Can you tell me, sir, where I may put in my petition for a metre?"

"Where-d-yer-live?" he asked, in one syllable.

I told him.

"G—middle aisle—half-way up!" he said, and went on with his writing.

I went half way up the middle aisle, and found a pen labeled G. I made my errand and my name known to the man in the pen.

He looked at me severely for a minute, and then put me through the following catechism:

"Where do you want our gas put in?"

"In my office."

"Where is it?"

I gave him the address.

"Has gas been burned there before?"

"I don't know. I wasn't there before."

"Are there gas fixtures there?"

"Yes."

"Do they look as if they had been used?"

"Yes."

He looked in a big book.

"Well, they haven't!" he said, and shut the book with a snap: "Have you ever used our gas before, anywhere?"

"I don't know."

"Why don't you know?"

"Because you don't mark your gas. There wasn't any brand on it, not that I saw."

"What kind of business are you going to use this office for?"

"What has that got to do with the gas?" I asked, in amazement.

"I don't know," said the man in the pen: "it's the company's rule to ask."

"Do you suspect that I am going to subject that gas to improper influences?" I asked.

"No," he replied.

"Do you think I am going to ruin its morals by using it to light up a bunco game?" I inquired.

"No," he answered.

"Then why do you want to know for what business I propose to use that office?"

"It's the company's rule," he returned; and then he took up his end of the examination again.

"What is the mean temperature of that office all the year round?"

"Somewhere between zero and the roof of the thermometer."

"What are the greatest extremes between heat and cold?"

"The hottest time is when a man comes round who asks me too many questions, and the coldest day is when I get left."

"What is the size of the burners in the office at present?"

"I haven't measured them."

"I mean, how many feet of gas do they burn an hour?"

"How can I tell," I demanded: "when there isn't any gas there to burn?"

He did not deign to answer my question.

"Are you married?" he went on.

"How does the question of my doubledness or my celibacy affect the gas?"

"I don't know. I've got to make the record for the company."

"Then put me down as doubtful," I said.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Well," I said: "I'm going up this evening to ask a girl to marry me; but if I have to stand a cross examination like this, one of the contracting parties is going to retire from the transaction."

"All right," he remarked, and he handed me a blue slip and a pink slip of paper: "now you want to go and see the cashier. There's your application, and there's your bill."

"What bill?" I asked.

"The bill for the gas you used before, of course."

"But I have never used any gas before," I expostulated; and just then a horrible suspicion came across my mind that my Mamie Arethusa's father had had me charged with the gas I had burned in the parlor during the progress of our courtship.

"I don't know, sir," said the clerk: "but your name is down on our books with this charged against you."

Then it flashed upon me. One year ago my Aunt Jemima had asked me to step in and apply for gas from this very company. I remembered having gone through the same awful catechism; I remembered my trepidation and excitement, I remembered having got horribly mixed up in trying to make it clear to the clerk that it was my Aunt Jemima who was going to use the gas and pay for it, and that the reason that I made the application in her place was that she was bed-ridden, blind and partially insane, and had never learned to write her own name, anyhow.

I tried to explain the matter to the man in the pen; but he would not have it. The application had been made in my name, and I could not have any gas until that bill was paid. I went around to the cashier, and tried to reason it out with him. He admitted that he had always received his pay from my Aunt Jemima, and that she was good pay, and that he had not presented this bill; but he said that my name was on it, and that I must pay it.

I took the bill, and went around to see my Aunt Jemima. On examination, it proved to be for the whole year. She told me that she had paid her gas-bill every month, and that she owed nothing. I asked her for the bills. She said that she always tried to be business-like, although some people said that no woman could be business-like; and she had filed those bills away in a trunk down under some other trunks in some safe-deposit company's vaults down-town. I spent one day getting those bills out, and then I took them back to the gas company. The company said that was all right, my aunt Jemima had paid her bills; they didn't deny it. But the application had been made in my name, and I must pay that bill, if I wanted any gas. What my Aunt Jemima paid was entirely a side issue.

But I got away with them, Mr. Editor. I made out a new application for my office in the name of my Aunt Jemima, and, after paying a deposit of ten dollars, giving references as to character and respectability, and binding myself by a written agreement to be subservient to the company during the term of my natural life, and to pray for its welfare three times a day, I got the gas.

But when next I have to make an application to the New Amsterdam Gas Company, in Washington Place, for permission to burn its patent reflex-action, marbled, incandescent gas, I shall hire a cheap small boy to get out the documents in his own name, and I shall pay that boy by the job, and not on time.

I am, sir, yours very truly,

R. ED. TAPE.

Answers for the Anxious.

FARDOWN.—Thanks. Later.

HASELTINE.—She hears the soft note of the echoing voice of an old, old love long dead.

CALAVEL.—Keep your Spring poem till next Spring. If you are half as sick as your muse is, you won't last that long.

THE ORPH.—We are glad to hear that the verse you have sent us is your maiden effort. We trust it may long remain unwee.

A. W. S.—Let the light of your genius irradiate some other office. We regret our inability to make use of any of that particular variety of illumination.

MINNIE MILDRED.—Your poem is too soulfully precious and too yearningly intense for us. Put in something about a mule or a mother-in-law, and we'll give it a fine, conspicuous place in the rejected contributions column.

J. W. L. M.—It ought to be enough for you to do to carry all those initials about, without laying on your soul the burden of a pun like: "Do all the cads come from Ar-cad-ia?" We wish you were a retriever. We would get a gun and go out and shoot over you, and shoot low.

TIREMUS.—"What must I do to gain admission to an editorial office in New York?" Oh, next to nothing. Just send on your weight, a day or two before, and the editor will screw up the Bogardus bouncer and adjust it to your avoirdupois, and then you may walk right in, without any further preliminary formalities, and wait your turn.

AMUSEMENTS.

"Deacon Crankett" is once more at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.

At HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Mr. John McCullough is exhibiting himself in a picturesque style as "The Gladiator" with grand effect.

Barton Hill, who is not an Italian, is to play *Macbeth* to the *Lady Macbeth* of Mrs. J. H. Hackett, at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, December 22nd.

What the break-neck Hanlon-Lees, at the CASINO, Forty-first Street and Broadway, don't know about the character of the audiences there is not worth recording.

"The Passing Regiment" seems specially manufactured for the holidays, and DALY'S THEATRE and Commodore Tooker, its business manager, are wreathed in smiles from morn until dewy eve.

"William Tell," as produced by Mr. Mapleson's company, at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, has given much satisfaction. "Lammermoor's Lucy" was announced for Monday. To-night, "Aida," Friday, "Mefistofele."

We almost wish that Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan would write a new opera. Not that "Patience," at the STANDARD, isn't a very fine thing of its kind; but variety is charming, and monotony for dramatic critics is fatiguing.

"Esmeralda" and "Hazel Kirke" will be known to future ages as the plays which had the champion long runs. We will bet on "Esmeralda," and the management of the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE will go halves in the risk.

"Mary Anderson in Love" may be expected at BOOTH'S, presently. "Love" is a play written by the author of "Virginus" and "The Hunchback." Miss Anderson's receipts are, it appears, \$1,000 a night. Being in "Love" pays.

It may not be generally known, but the real reason for the Marquis of Lorne's temporary absence from Canada is the temporary presence of the illustrious tragedian, Ernesto Rossi, in Montreal and Toronto. Two great men can't be in Canada at the same time without disturbing things, so one of them had to leave.

Mr. J. K. Emmet, the perennial and uncertain, is now at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE. Whatever weaknesses may be notable in Mr. Emmet, it is nevertheless true that he is one of the most shkel-producing stars in the country. He has succeeded "Fun on the Bristol," with its Widow O'Brien Sheridan attachment.

To-morrow evening, Mr. George R. Sims's three-act comedy, "Mother-in-Law," a comedy in a comedy, is to be played at ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE. Mr. Maurice Grau's opera company, with Paola Marié, and a change of programme nightly, has been attracting the lovers of opéra bouffe, who have drunk in all its beauties to their hearts' content.

Fanny Davenport follows McCullough at HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. This will be her farewell engagement in New York, for several years to come. Every engagement has been made for her appearance in London and through the English provinces. The engagements cover the next three or four seasons. Her New York appearances begin on Christmas day.

To-morrow night, at STEINWAY HALL, Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox will give a grand concert, assisted by Mlle. Minnie Hauk, Signor Del Puente, Signor Corsini and Signor Campanini, together with Mr. Chas. Fritsch, Mr. Franz Remmert, Mr. Chas. Werner, Signor Rasori and Mr. E. Agramonte. The programme will comprise selections from the works of Donizetti, Rossini, Mozart, Schubert, Gounod and Bizet.

Mlle. Rhea is a handsome woman and a capable actress; but she is neither handsome nor capable enough to take the country by storm. The truth is, that the public has had a surfeit of artists who have not mastered the English language sufficiently to enable them to appear to advantage before the average American audience; and "Adrienne" and "Camille" are getting stale. BOOTH'S THEATRE is admirably adapted for the display of Mlle. Rhea's abilities and costumes. The last are very handsome, indeed. The support was fair, and Miss Grace Hall acted a small part with sprightliness and delicacy. The Florences are now playing "The Mighty Dollar" at this house.

"The Flags of All Nations" is, as the name implies, brilliantly illustrated, and is published by Charles Tollner, Jr., of Brooklyn. It is a carefully-compiled work, and, in addition to the flags of the different nationalities, printed in correct colors, there are the signals for pilots of the various nations, Marryat's and Rogers's Codes of Commercial Signals and the old code of alphabetic signals—so that no reader is likely to run short of his supply of this commodity.

"A Prince of Baffin" is published by Messrs. T. B. Peterso & Brothers, Philadelphia, and is written by Mr. Thomas P. May, the author of the "Earl of Mayfield." It is an Irish, Spanish and Italian story all in one, and is exceedingly interesting and full of variety.

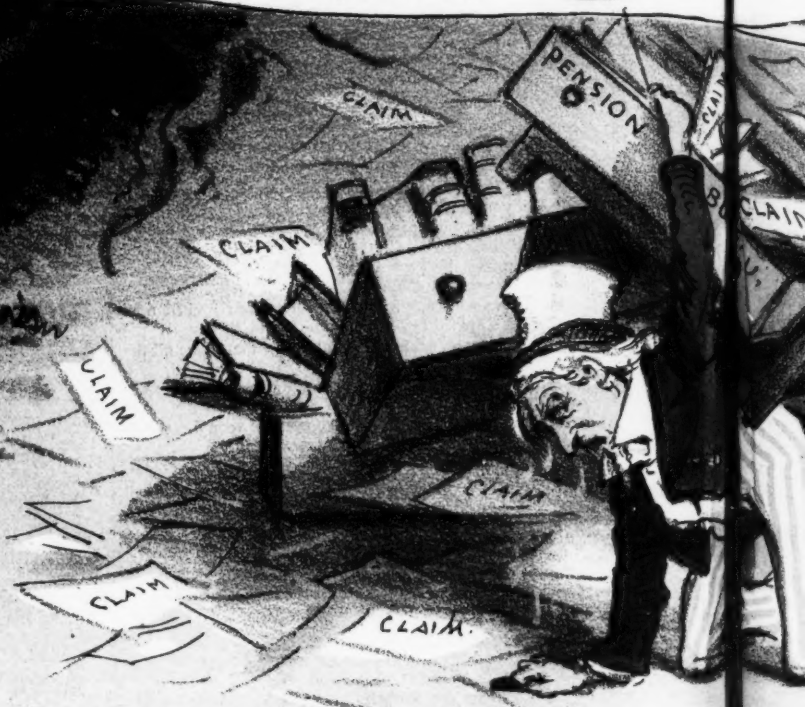
They Saved the Union.

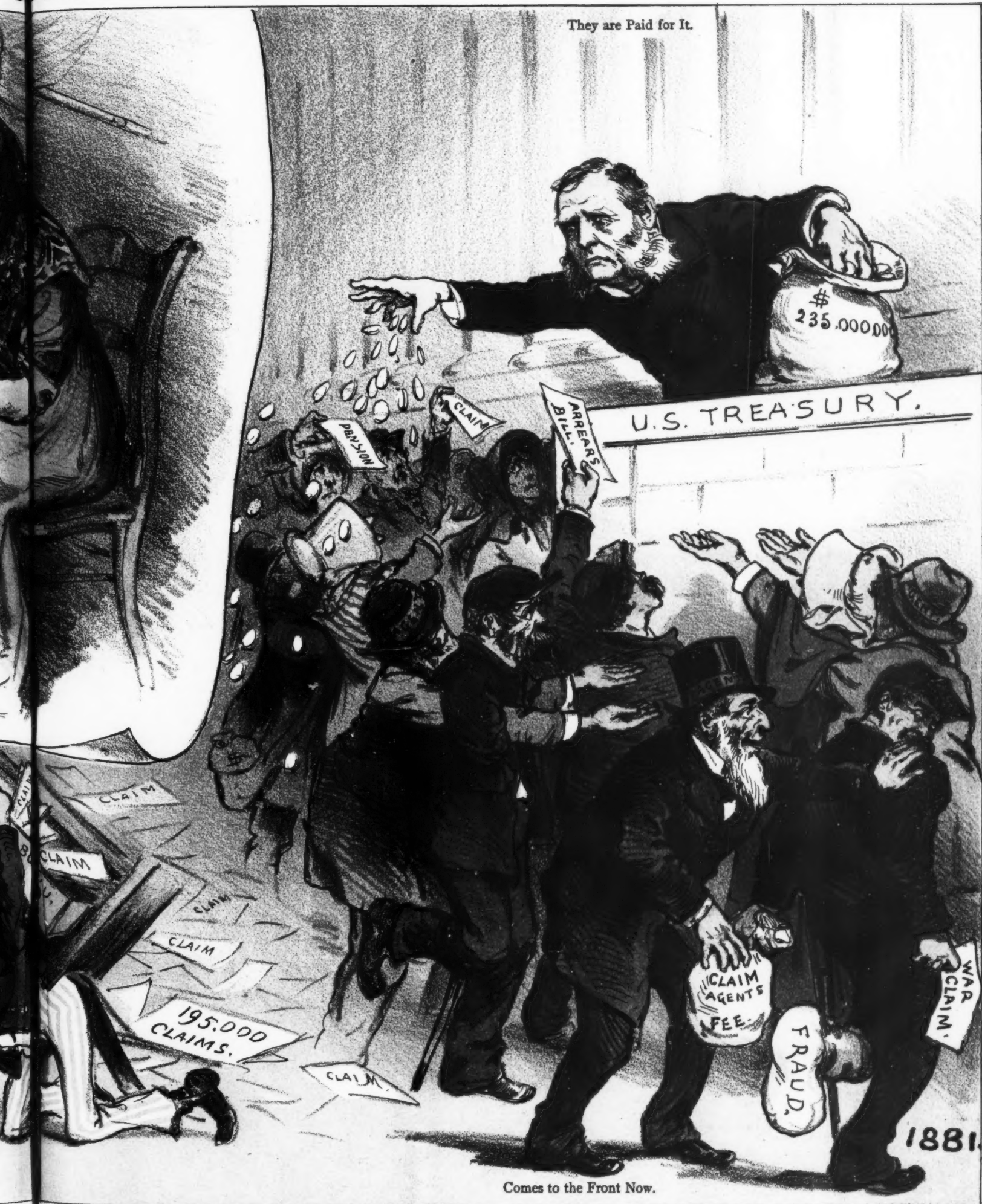


Went to the Rear Then.



They Suffer for It.





They are Paid for It.

U.S. TREASURY.

1881

Comes to the Front Now.

A PAINFUL PERPLEXITY.

"What's the matter, anyhow?" asked a passenger at the 42nd Street Dépôt, the other morning, of a young man who was sitting on a trunk, looking as lonesome as a bank president in a strange country to escape arrest.

"I am in a quandary."

"What seems to be the matter? Has your girl gone back on you? Has your friend gone and pawned your ulster, and left you to shiver in a seersucker duster, redolent of August lemonade? Has your doctor ordered you to stop drinking and smoking? Has your wife pounced on you for a sealskin sacque? Are your relatives trying to influence you to learn to play on the banjo? Have you been reading a London funny paper?"

"Nothing in your sumptuous catalogue of horrors fits me, sir. I am, at present, in possession of a certain amount of money, and I don't know exactly what to do with it. I shall either invest it in a sealskin cap or a swallow-tail coat. Now, which would you advise me to get?"

"I am sure I don't know; you certainly can't wear a sealskin cap at a wedding reception."

"I know that," said the young man: "and I can't wear a swallow-tail when I'm out skating. Now, you see, I have to weigh wedding receptions against skating. During a winter, I skate about fifty times; but I do not go to a wedding reception more than twice a year. At this rate, if I buy my sealskin cap, and hire a swallow-tail twice, the whole cost will be about twenty-five dollars; whereas, if I buy a swallow-tail, and hire my sealskin cap every time I go skating, it would cost me at least seventy-five dollars. I have the whole thing tableaued, in seven different ways, on a card."

"And you can't decide upon the best plan?"

"I cannot, sir; it seems to puzzle me beyond all peradventure."

"Sealskin caps—whatever else may be said in their favor—make the hair fall out. Now, a swallow-tail coat never has an evil effect on the hair," said the stranger, in consoling terms.

"I know that," observed the man on the trunk, as he kicked his heels together: "but the swallow-tail looks gay in a parlor, and gives one an air indicative of the giddy vortex, while a sealskin cap is unobserved on the hat rack. The sealskin cap doesn't show off your shirt-front and hang down nobbily behind."

"A sealskin cap doesn't make you look like a waiter, either," observed the man who had got off the train.

"I know it doesn't; and you don't have to get some one to hold it for you while you put it on; and it doesn't have any buttons to fly off; and no sleeve lining to get loose and work down over your fifty-cent sleeve-buttons; and you don't have to get it pressed, and wear an ulster over it in the street to escape attention."

"That's so," said the stranger.

"Now, then, let's see the drawbacks and shortcomings of the swallow-tail when compared with the sealskin cap: You can't double it up and stick it in your pocket; you can't sell it to any man that comes along, because it is a garment warranted to fit no one except the original owner; you can't rub it against a girl's cheek, and draw from her exclamations at once rapturous and gentle; and then, you can't wear it on your head, and it won't keep your ears warm when you are out sleighing with your cousin."

"A swallow-tail is worth forty dollars, and you can get a sealskin cap for twenty—just half," said the traveler.

"You are arithmetically correct. Now, it seems to me that a sealskin cap and twenty dollars is better than a swallow-tail and no sealskin cap. I can wear the sealskin cap every day in the week, and the swallow-tail only about once in a month.

Then, on the other hand, I can't sing at a concert in a sealskin cap, and I can't go to the opera in a suit of check clothes, owing to the fact that I own a sealskin cap, any more than a man could be a pall-bearer in a suit of red flannel, because of being the possessor of a gold mine, and —"

"It is really very perplexing," said the man who had got off the cars.

"For my peace of mind, which surpasseth all visions of wearing apparel, I'll tell you what I'll do."

"What?"

"I'll buy neither."

"Are you determined?"

"I am!"

"Then, how are you going to invest your money?"

"I'll tell you—sh!"

"Go ahead!"

"Soon I shall have more money—lots more."

"Well?"

"I shall put that with what I have already."

"And then?"

"I'll feed my weakness—my soulful weakness—music. I'll go abroad and remain under a master for five years."

"And let both swallow-tail and sealskin cap go?"

"Even so."

The traveler stood aghast with surprise.

"I'll go to Leipzig," he continued: "and enter the conservatoire at once; and when I get back in 1887, you may wager your trays of diamonds that I will take the palm for artistic perfection. Adieu, adieu; I start for Leipzig to-morrow, to learn to play on the bass-drum."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

SEE WORCESTER.

There was an old Quaker of Jedburgh;
To his son he once said: "Oh, Ned, burgh
Thou a dunce or a fool,
That thou leavest thy school?
I'll see that thou thither soon led burgh."

It's in the town of Leigh
That I would like to beigh.
There the blind can seigh,
The lawyers take no feigh,
They call whiskey "teigh";
And that's the place for meigh.

E. B. B.

FREE LUNCH.

SIRIUS is the dog that never had a kettl connected with his helm.

THE SMALL BOY who is a favorite with his companions is the one who owns a pair of roller-skates and a gun.

IT IS NOW that the farmer becomes suspicious of some of his neighbors, and his wood-pile is guarded like the Czar.

A MAN WILL agitate his silk hat with the blacking-brush; but he will not think of cleaning his boots with the hat-brush.

SUGGESTION FOR THE PATENT MEDICINE ADVERTISER—"A wreck on the New Jersey coast entirely restored by one application."

A WOMAN WILL coolly clean fish and open oysters with her husband's razor; but she will not for one moment think of trimming the lamp-wick with her new scissors.

THE BURGLAR and highwayman are practically things of the past, as their modes of operation entail too much danger. They still exist, however; but they are technically known as bank presidents.

WHERE DO THE PINS GO TO?—We cannot say for sure, but certain it is, there seem to be a great many bent pins lying conveniently around when anybody attempts to sit down on the Star Route robbers.

A LADY WHO may, or may not, be a chronic theatre-goer, complained that she couldn't see the more soulful parts of a circus procession on Broadway, the other day, because some horrid men were standing in front of her with high hats on.

"I have got to take my girl to the opera to-night," said a man, sadly, to another on a car, this morning.

"It is sort of rough," chimed the other, in reply: "for a man to have to lay down an X that way."

"It isn't the X I mind at all," said the first speaker: "it is having to listen to the opera that makes me sick."

A "GENERAL" ATTACK.



STEALING THE OLD SPIRIT.

MARRIED MISERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK, BY ARTHUR LOT.

No. XXI.—Our Phonograph.

Being on intimate terms with several inventors, I have naturally taken much interest in all the new scientific novelties which have been presented to an admiring world. I can well remember when one of my friends brought to me an instrument, made of one curved piece of metal fastened to another curved piece at right angles, and having quite a slit at the line of junction. I examined it carefully, and tried to imagine that it was everything from a toothpick to a burglar-alarm. It remained, however, so far as I was concerned, a conundrum.

"It's very beautiful," said I, finally: "but I'll never tell anybody what it is intended for."

"I should think," said my friend: "that you would see that at once."

"Probably my duty runs in that direction, but I'm compelled to give it up."

"Well," said he: "it is to put on the edge of a cup, and to enable men who wear moustaches to drink their coffee with ease."

Its value was apparent to me at once. I took it home, put it on a cup, after full explanations to Mrs. Lot, drank two mouthfuls of coffee, took off the machine, and placed it in my museum, where it has remained ever since.

Another friend presented me with a specimen of his new patent clothes-wringer. All the washer-woman was called upon to do was to put the washed article in the wringer, turn a handle, and lo! the article would come out as dry as a—well, as a beefsteak in a country boarding-house, where the frying-pan is an instrument of destruction. I felt in my bones that that instrument would delight Mrs. Lot. I took it home and explained its beauties to my wife. Mrs. Lot looked at it suspiciously, but she finally concluded to allow the servant to struggle with it. The girl fastened the machine to the wash-tub, and went to work. About two hours afterward Mrs. Lot went to the kitchen and found that the wringer had wrung all the buttons off of the shirts, and all the lace off of those—well, those articles which it behooves me—being of the male persuasion—not to mention. Mrs. Lot seized the wringer, wrenched it from the tub, and threw it out in the garden with an entirely unnecessary repetition, it seemed to me, of the word scissors. The last time I cast my eyes upon that machine I found that our boy was using it. He was apparently endeavoring to wring the cat's tail dry. From the melodious utterances of the aforesaid feline, I felt sure that my boy was succeeding, and so I did not disturb him; for, I think, when children study natural history practically of their own volition, they should be left alone.

Thus, throughout my lifetime, my inventive friends have furnished me with specimens of their skill, and I have always endeavored to use such articles for the purposes for which, according to my aforesaid friends, they are designed. I must admit that, usually, we return to the old-fashioned way of doing things; but I am convinced that that is owing to Mrs. Lot's obstinacy. Women are not progressive in their natures. Look at their clothes! Everybody knows that trous—I mean Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker's style of costume is much pleasanter and healthier than dresses, and petticoats, and hoops, and paniers; and yet, though that estimable lady has given years of her life to efforts to introduce among women *propria quae maribus*, women complacently go on, just as their mothers did, and still put fourteen yards of silk in a dress, when three yards would make a flowing pair of trousers—I mean pant—that is to say, those things in which Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker encases her le—I mean lower limbs.

One day a friend presented a phonograph to

me. At that time everybody was discussing that remarkable instrument, and so I felt sure that Mrs. Lot would be interested in it. My wife did seem to be pleased with it, but my mother-in-law went into ecstasies of delight over it. She actually took possession of it and carried it to her room. There she would talk to it during the day, and, when evening came, would bring it to the sitting-room and revolve from it her choice effusions. As my mother-in-law is not a woman of genius, that sort of performance soon grew monotonous, and I naturally looked around for some sure method to squelch her.

For some time I was at a loss for a method by which I could accomplish my object; but one day, as I was passing my mother-in-law's room, I saw the phonograph on her bureau. I knew my mother-in-law expected company in the evening, and that she had already loaded the phonograph for their entertainment. I entered the room and examined the instrument. On turning the crank, I discovered that my mother-in-law had filled the machine brim-full of those choice and remarkable observations which she looks upon as humorous. After a moment's reflection, I concluded that the observations were not funny, and, as our guests of the evening had been specially invited to listen to our phonograph, I felt that, as master of the house, it was my duty to see that they were amused. What my mother-in-law had put in the phonograph would not, I felt sure, make even a laughing-hyena smile; and so I proceeded at once to correct her mistake. I removed the tin-foil, put on a fresh piece, and made certain remarks to the phonograph calculated, as I thought, to amuse our guests.

In the evening our guests assembled, my brother Tom and his wife Georgie being among them. For some time conversation lingered around that ever fresh, and ever fruitful topic, the weather. Then my mother-in-law rose and tripped out of the room. Presently, she returned carrying her phonograph in her arms. Her face was wreathed in smiles, and her little eyes twinkled with anticipated pleasure. Almost everybody crowded around the phonograph. Now, when I had spoken into the phonograph, I had turned the crank slowly, so that, when my mother-in-law came to turn it, the words would come off in a squeaky tone as little like my voice as possible. My mother-in-law, with a smile on her face, blandly remarked that she thought the sayings that would come from the phonograph would please the auditors. Then she turned the crank, and, in a sharp, high-pitched tone, the instrument sang:

Who guarded my dear wife from childish woes?
Who combed her hair and tickled her young toes?
Who brushed away her tears and wiped her nose?
My mother-in-law.

My mother-in-law fell back in her chair thunderstruck; Georgie stuffed her handkerchief in her mouth; Mrs. Lot looked at me sternly; I looked as if I were stupefied; while the rest of the people present snickered.

Of course, my mother-in-law then knew that some one had been tampering with the instrument; but, as there was nothing offensive in the foregoing verse, she took another tug at the machine. She turned the handle, and the phonograph squeaked out:

Conundrum: What is the difference between marriage and heaven? Answer: One is paradise with a mother-in-law, and the other paradise without a mother-in-law.

My mother-in-law fell back disgusted, for everybody laughed; but I could see by Mrs. Lot's eyes that her temper was up. She rose at once and advanced to the instrument.

"We'll see what he has put in it," she muttered.

Then she seized the handle, and turned out the following words in a tone that would have grated on the tympanum of a brass monkey:

Who worries me by the night and day?
Who on all subjects always has her say?
Who for her going ever makes me pray?
My mother-in-law.

That was too much for the old woman. She keeled over and pretended to faint. Mrs. Lot gave the machine one more turn, and it shouted out in stentorian tones:

"Ha, ha, old gall! Begone! Avaunt!"

Mrs. Lot looked at me as if I belonged to some other woman. Georgie had hid her face in the cushions of the sofa and was shaking with laughter, while all the rest of the company were laughing vigorously.

That exposition of the beauties of science was not a success. My mother-in-law and the phonograph were led out of the room. Somehow or other, though, the conversation could not be brought back to the weather; for the guests could plainly see that there was a circus approaching, *i. e.*, a circus at which only two attend, and at which I would not be the ring-master. Mrs. Lot could not, of course, create a disturbance in the presence of her guests, but everybody could see that a terrific storm would occur during the evening. Every time Mrs. Lot turned her eyes on me the lightning seemed to flash. While my wife was saying good-by to some of her guests, I strolled down to my brother's house with Tom and Georgie, in order to smoke a cigar.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Georgie, laughing vigorously.

"For what?" asked I, innocently.

"Never mind telling him, Georgie," said Tom: "If I'm any judge of his wife, he'll find out during the evening."

"I think he will," said Georgie.

Before I returned to my house I finished my cigar, hoping that Mrs. Lot would be asleep when I crawled into bed. Pshaw! I might as well have expected a cat to fall asleep at a mouse's hole when the end of the tail of the mouse was in sight. I never saw Mrs. Lot so wide-awake as she was on that night. How she did lay down the law! Phew! I found that I had wound up two phonographs instead of one. Phonograph! Bah! Why, that instrument is nothing beside Mrs. Lot. She could talk a dozen phonographs to death. Why, forty or fifty yards of tin-foil would run out long before Mrs. Lot's tongue would tire, when she is thoroughly aroused. She was at it when I fell asleep—not steadily, but by fits and starts. I said nothing in reply, but I made up my mind that, if I ever wound up my mother-in-law's phonograph, it would be after I had dined with some friend who was too liberal with his wine.

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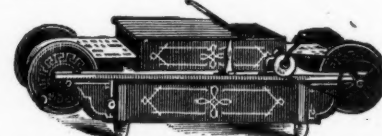
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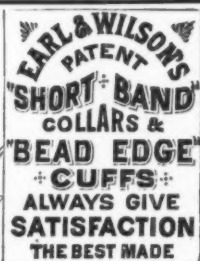
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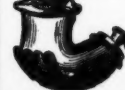
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A HUMOROUS boy at Fond du Lac, who has a future before him, took a dog and saturated his tail with kerosene and set it on fire. The foolish dog ran under a barn, and the barn, dog, etc., were destroyed. The boy was providentially saved. The man who owned the barn was seen hiding a raw-hide in his ulster, trying to induce the boy to go in an alley with him to have some fun, after the fire; but the boy said he didn't care much for fun, anyway, and it is believed the man was conversing with the wrong boy. If kerosene had been discovered twenty-five years ago, what fun the boys would have had!—*Peck's Sun*.

THE Star Route men have had seven lawyers to pay for the last six months, and many people are beginning to think they are punished enough. —*Chicago Tribune*.

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